

People in the Lime Light of Public Print

CONGRESSMAN GALUSHA A. GROW, who is known as the dean of the house at Washington and the father of the homestead law, finds one of his greatest pleasures in life in conducting a little Sunday school of about 100 scholars at the Grow homestead, Glenwood, Susquehanna county, Ga. The school was organized forty years ago by Mrs. F. P. Grow, the congressman's sister-in-law. Its membership includes nearly everybody in the little neighborhood, from children to men and women with gray hairs.

Of the late Frederick Fraley, the Philadelphia Press speaks thus: "From 1834, when as a young man of 30—and he never was an old man—he helped to form the Philadelphia Board of Trade, he might truly say of all the financial and commercial movements in the city and in the nation, 'A great part of these I have been.' He was not a conservative, one of those who feared the new, but, owing to a keen, inquiring mind that had a scientific trend, he was among those who led in advocating and who believed in improvements. It was by reason of this, and not only the respect due his great age, coupled with his admirable personal qualities, that made him in his latter—one can hardly say declining—years revered and honored as one of the truly representative men who had made the city a great mart and entrepot, and whose memory and works are a precious heritage."

Among the works which are taking place at Windsor castle is the pulling up of all the floors which have not been touched since the beginning of the last reign; some not for a century. They are to be completely relaid on modern principles and are to be rendered fireproof. Since the burning of Sandringham King Edward has always had a great dread of fire and he is taking advantage of the present opportunity of rendering the castle more secure against the devouring element.

The Macon Telegraph says: "One of the most convincing tributes to the late president as a man and a gentleman comes from Senator Tillman, and was uttered as long ago as January, 1899. Being asked at his own table in Washington how he liked President McKinley, Mr. Tillman is said to have replied: 'The president embarrasses me with his consideration and confidence. He is the most lovable man I know.'"

Father Aloysius Wiewer, a Franciscan priest, who died at the Santa Barbara mission, in southern California, on the morning made memorable by the death of President McKinley, was the man who in 1878 earned the title of "The Hero of Memphis." He was a native of Vreden, Germany, having been born sixty-three years ago. He came to this country when 20 years old and became one of the professors at a college at Teutopolis, Ill. In 1870 he

removed to St. Louis and in 1873, when the plague of yellow fever broke out in Memphis, he voluntarily went to the stricken city and remained through the plague, rendering assistance alike to white and black. He later removed to Minnesota, from which state he again went to Memphis in 1878, when the yellow fever once more became epidemic. In this later plague he was one of twenty-two Franciscan fathers who rendered service to the sufferers, and of them

Dewey gave orders that no visitor be allowed on board until noon of the next day.

It happened that a New York nabob was in the harbor with his yacht. In his launch he made for the Pensacola without delay, but was refused a permission to board by the deck officer.

"No visitors will be received until noon tomorrow," the millionaire was informed.

"But you must let me on now," the nabob urged. "I am Mr. So-and-So, you

ever will own of the navy of the United States. Shall be glad to see you with other visitors any time after the noon hour tomorrow."

So saying, Dewey turned and walked aft, and a crestfallen Croesus crept back to his launch.

Prof. Barrett Wendell tells an incident in his experience that illustrates the magical power of Edward Everett's eloquence. That distinguished orator was going to Brockton one night to deliver an address and ran

but still they came, till the aisles and walls were lined with interested listeners. The supposed deserters had simply gone out and told the people of Brockton that here was the greatest man they'd ever heard and gathered them in by the score.

Jerome K. Jerome had an uncle of unusually methodical manner who was noted for always being supplied with necessary comforts on the journeys he was compelled to make, and Mr. Jerome says this was the system he followed.

Take a piece of paper and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well, put it down, together with a change. You get up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on until you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.

This is the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

John Hollingshead, who was 71 years old on September 9, is said to be one of the oldest journalists in active harness today, as he was on the staff of Household Words, under Dickens, and of the Cornhill Magazine, under Thackeray, when those publications were first started. A few years ago he published a couple of volumes of reminiscences, which were written in a curious way. The journalistic habit clung so strongly to him that he wrote so much of it every day and sent it to the printer, who kept this up until he had finished.

Perhaps the only living explorer who is equally familiar with the dark places of equatorial Africa and the "land of the midnight sun" is Paul du Chailu. The mysterious fascination of the "Dark Continent" lured him from an east African counting house when he was quite a young man, and he was away four years, returning with a live gorilla as a trophy. Then he went far north and his fascination of manner and kindness of heart won him hundreds of friends.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy spends the summer and early autumn months at Raconigi. The other day he disappeared from his chateau and no one knew where he had gone. His automobile, too, was missing. It turned out that he had gone, with the queen and an adjutant, to Ventimiglia, passing the French boundary without being recognized. He returned to Raconigi at 7 o'clock in the evening over the Colle di Tenda, having made the trip of about 215 miles in fourteen hours.



NORTH NEBRASKA METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE, NELIGH, Neb., September 21—Photo by W. S. Cleaver.

all he only survived. He refused all offers of remuneration and declined all presents, of which many were offered.

Though Admiral Dewey is a model of patience and considerate politeness, he can be peremptory and cuttingly ironical when occasion calls, relates the Saturday Evening Post. His friends recall an interesting incident illustrative of these traits. It took place in 1875 when he was commander of the Pensacola of the European squadron. His vessel visited a Mediterranean port which has seen few American war ships since the war with Tripoli. As the Pensacola needed sprucing up Commander

know," mentioning his charmed name. "I pay more taxes in America than any other two men, and, in fact, I own half the United States navy."

"Let him up," came an order from the commander.

The man of millions clambered aboard and was met by Dewey.

"I heard your remark that you owned half of the United States navy," said the commander; and then, stooping, he cut with his knife a sliver of wood from the deck and handed it to the boastful visitor.

"Take this souvenir of the Pensacola and keep it," remarked the commander. "It is yours; it is all you have ever owned or

across Mr. Wendell in the old Park square station. "Come along, Wendell," he said. "I am going out to Brockton to speak and I want someone respectable to sit on the platform with me."

When Everett arose to speak the hall, which was a large one, was only passably well filled, and even the comparatively small number present began to grow smaller as one by one people slipped away.

Mr. Wendell began to think that Brockton must be a singularly cold-hearted place, when suddenly he noticed people coming in by twos and threes and silently taking seats wherever they could find them. Soon the hall was full, with standing room only.

Gleanings from the Story Teller's Pack

HENRY WATTERSON, the great Kentucky editor, is one of the largest eaters among the public men of the United States. His capacity in that respect seems unlimited. As a fair example of his capabilities two incidents will suffice.

On one occasion he attended the bi-monthly meeting of the Salmagundi club of Louisville, relates the New York Times. A banquet was one of the attractions of these meetings. Before, during, and after the banquet there were discussions, but the banquet was the thing. On this night it was at the house of the editor of the republican paper of Louisville. The menu was one of fourteen courses, with the usual wines. One course was quail, and Mr. Watterson had two; another was venison and again he was served twice. This happened in about half of the courses.

Before the end of the dinner all the other club members were but tasting what was

put before them, but Mr. Watterson was eating all and often calling for more. When the dinner was ended the rival editors went to their offices together. When they reached newspaper row Mr. Watterson said:

"Colonel, I am hungry, let's go over to Beymer's" (a cafe much affected by newspaper men) "and have something to eat."

"Great Scott, Watterson, I've filled all the space in my lockers. But I'll drop in and watch you eat."

The colonel claims that Mr. Watterson ate two pounds of cheese, half of an immense bologna sausage, a bowl of crackers and drank six bottles of beer, and Mr. Watterson never denied it. After this he went to the office of the Courier-Journal and wrote his celebrated "Star-eyed Goddess" editorial, that was copied and commented on all over the United States.

At another time he entered a cafe in the rear of a saloon of which he was a regular

patron and called out to the proprietor:

"What have you to eat tonight, I'm hungry."

"Well, Massa Henry, I have some nice fresh Ohio river jack salmon."

"How many have you?"

"Six."

"Well, bring me all six."

The Ohio river jack salmon weigh about two and a half pounds apiece. These six cleaned and cooked weighed fifteen pounds, the proprietor weighing them out of curiosity. Mr. Watterson finished the six, all but the bones, with a salad, some bread and quite a little liquid on the side. This is one of his favorite dishes, and he has said that he has never been able to get enough.

In the palmy days of Long Branch, back in the 60s, when the steamer Jesse Hoyt was a flier, and the Wall street men and politicians traveled on it, Thomas Murphy,

who died a few days ago, was in his prime and on the top wave of popularity with the men who gathered on the broad piazzas of the Stetson House, Stetson, of Astor House fame, ran the hotel, and there was no more frequent visitor than Murphy.

He was brimming with good humor and loved a joke, whether at his own expense or that of somebody else, relates the New York Times. He was a good swimmer, too, and the bathing hour found him at the beach.

Just out from the briny, and with a pail of water, he was plodding through the sand to a bathing house, when a vision of pretty womanhood stood upon the steps leading from the bluff. A bathrobe hid the splendors of her bathing costume, and with an air of condescension and proprietorship she called to him:

"Here, my man; are you busy?"

"Not very, ma'am, at your service!"

cheerfully replied Murphy, putting down the pail and advancing with obedient air.

The robe was gently taken from the shoulders and handed to Murphy, who modestly inquired, with a thorough brogue: "What'll I do with it, ma'am?"

"Give it to my maid, over at house No. 5. Then come to me."

Murphy saw possibilities for a joke. He gave the robe to the maid, and, touching his forehead with his hand, put himself on duty, leading his self-constituted mistress to the surf, taking her out to the end of the life-line, and guarding her safely while she swam around, then, holding her hand, led her up the beach to No. 5.

"Ye'll want a pail o' water to take the sand off your pretty feet, ma'am?"

The question was put so nicely that even the compliment was not resented, so he filled the pail and carried it to the bathing house, while the bathrobe took a half-dollar from her maid, handed it gracefully to Murphy and inquired:

"What's your name, my man?"

"They call me Tom, ma'am," at your service. "Thank you, ma'am" and off he went to join the crowd of friends and bathers.

There was a "hop" at the Stetson that night, with many well known men on the committee and Murphy was the center of a jolly party, while the woman of the bathrobe was among the dancers.

She looked at Murphy, not once, but often, and, with a whisper to her companion, joined "Charley" Stetson, and then Stetson laughed and nodded to Murphy, beckoning him toward the group in which the woman stood.

"Let me introduce an old friend," said he, and with an air of merriment continued: "Mr. Murphy."

There was a smile on Murphy's face, only the courtly acknowledgment of an introduction.

"I thought your name was Tom, the Bather," blushing suggested Murphy's late mistress.

"So it is, ma'am and I'd be 'Tom the Bather' every day for the privilege of escorting you to the water and I'd not want half a dollar for the service, either!"

He held up the coin as a souvenir of the occasion and there was a pleasant little supper, with the woman among the guests and an all around toast to "Tom, the Bather," later in the evening.



UPPER DES MOINES EDITORS AT DENISON, Ia.